

JOHN BULL, October 30th, 1915.

LARGEST FREE ZEPPELIN INSURANCE. See page ii. cover.

JOHN BULL

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Vol. XVIII. No. 491

—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1915

ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

For meaning of
this number
see page 25.



*Come the three corners of the
world in arms,
And we shall shock them :
nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest
but true.*

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

**Avenge
Nurse
Cavell!**



The Circulation of "John Bull" exceeds 1,300,000 copies weekly.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE SCHEME AGAINST ALL WAR RISKS.

We are giving *absolutely free of any charge whatever* an insurance which covers you against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident policy issued by insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have made our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. YOU MAY EITHER FILL IN AND SEND TO US A WEEKLY COUPON, WHICH AFTER ITS RECEIPT AT OUR OFFICES WILL KEEP YOU INSURED FOR ONE WEEK—BUT MUST BE RENEWED WEEKLY—OR, TO AVOID THE NECESSITY OF DOING THIS, YOU MAY SIGN THE NEWSAGENT'S ORDER FORM, WHICH WILL KEEP YOU PERMANENTLY INSURED DURING SUCH PERIOD AS THIS INSURANCE SCHEME AND YOUR ORDER TO THE NEWSAGENT REMAIN IN FORCE.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

As regards all Air Raids, Bombardment, Invasion, Riot, Civil Commotion, Civil War, Revolution, Rebellion, Blockade, or Military or Usurped Power:—

In respect of any person (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of **£200** should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled. ... **£100**

Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding ... **£350**

Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to ... **£25**

Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to **£10**

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payments shall be subject to the claimants' rights against any other newspaper or insurance body.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, or Turks, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situated outside military or naval premises, may be insured.

TO AVOID FILLING UP COUPON WEEKLY.

You may, if you are a regular and *only one* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this form and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue as though you had filled in the Coupon weekly, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

FORM FOR REGULAR READERS. TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To Newsagent.

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured must fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you MUST fill in the Duplicate coupon which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

Oct. 30th, 1915.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.
This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

..... Newsagent of

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee

Address

Signature of Insured
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address

Oct. 30th, 1915.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

WEEKLY INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified above.)

Name of Insured.....

Address.....

Age next Birthday.....

Date of Signature

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name.....Address.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out above.

This coupon must be signed by the insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for seven days after its receipt by us.

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form above fill in this form and post it to us (a half-penny stamp will suffice). Inconvenience and postage will be saved by the filling in of the Newsagent's Form.

HAD YOURS YET?

If not, don't delay.

Cut out the Coupon opposite.

"JOHN BULL" PEN.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

Oct. 30th, 1915.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

Write in the Dark!
Every soldier, journalist or traveller needs this self-illuminating pencil for use in the trenches or anywhere.

ELECTRIC TRINCH PENCIL
No wires. Sliding the pencil out switches the light on. Nothing to go wrong. Handy, compact, little bulkier than a pencil in the pocket. Nickel plate. Post free, complete with long-life battery... **5/6**

Send one to your officer. Extra batteries 1s. 6d.

ROWLEY & Co., Ltd.
(Dept. Ck 34, King St.)
MANCHESTER
Agents W. & A.



WINTER SORES

CHAPPED HANDS, CHILBLAINS.

If you are subject to such complaints commence applying Hardcastle's Balm of Gilead now—it will keep your skin soft, smooth and free from cracks and sores. When applied it does not smart, but soothes and heals. Get a box now and keep it handy.

HARDCASTLE'S BALM OF GILEAD

Sold by Boots, Taylors & all Chemists and Stores at 1/2 and 2/1 a box.

FREE SAMPLE

Send for 2d. stamps by Proprietors, W. Hardcastle and Sons, Stockton-on-Tees.

A COLLAR BARGAIN

ANY SHAPE OR SIZE.
6 for 2/4, or 4/6 per dozen
Post Free United Kingdom. Postage extra abroad.

These collars are made of the finest Egyptian yarn, wear longer and look better than linen, and will withstand rough laundering. Send postal order for trial half-dozen or more, stating size and depth, whether double, wing, round or square, stand-up to overlap, stand-up to meet, is required.

Money back if you are not perfectly satisfied. Comprehensive List of Lawn and Linen Handkerchiefs sent free.

J. FIELD & CO., Collar Specialists,
204, BELSIZE ROAD, LONDON, N.W.

KILL THAT INSECT, TOMMY.

Send your pals "out yonder" some tins of **HARRISON'S NURSERY POMADE**—they'll be very acceptable. When you haven't time to wash there's a big chance you'll have "companions." A little **HARRISON'S POMADE KILLS EVERY INSECT** on hair and body. Insist on having **HARRISON'S POMADE**. "Tins of comfort" at 4d. and 9d. Sold by all Chemists—or by post from **HARRISON, Chemist, Reading.**

BEACON OILSKINS
Keep you dry at all times. Men's 9/6. Children's 7/6. Sou'-w-aters, 1/6. Long Leggings, 2/6. Guaranteed 15 lines stickiness, leakage or dissatisfaction on money-back methods. Illustrated Leaflet Post Free. Send Post-card now for this Art booklet of "Weather Comfort" to **BEACON OILSKINS, Ltd., 67, BEACON BUILDINGS, SOUTH BRITAIN.**



HAVE YOU HAD YOUR "JOHN BULL" PEN YET?

See page 11, of Cover.

War Workers Want WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

ALL War Workers want Wrigley's Spearmint Chewing Gum, from the Soldier to the civilian worker. It stands first and foremost as not only the most delicious and wholesome of all sweetmeats but also as a protection against thirst and fatigue.

DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT BECAUSE IT HELPS DIGESTION.



FOR SOLDIERS

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM.



FOR MUNITION WORKERS

WAR Workers like Wrigley's Spearmint Chewing Gum because it is a welcome change from cigarettes. It purifies and sweetens the breath and preserves the teeth.

Sold by Boots and of all Chemists and Confectioners in 4d bars: 5 bars 2½d. Mammoth box of 40 bars for 1/6. If you find any difficulty in obtaining it, apply direct to

WRIGLEY'S L^{td} **LAMBETH PALACE, ROAD, S.E.**

ECONOMY

Save your Meat Bill

By eating puddings and pies made with

"ATORA" BEEF SUET.

Shredded "Atora" for Pastry, and Block "Atora" for Frying are still sold at same prices as before the War, i.e.:

1 lb. carton 10½d.
½ lb. 5½d.

NO INCREASE IN PRICE.

Sole Manufacturers:

HUGON & CO., Ltd., MANCHESTER.

Ask your grocer for it.

FIRES DUE TO AIR RAIDS

3 Incendiary Bombs extinguished by . . . KYL-FYRE . . .

Facts versus Theory.

Statements have recently been made that dry powder extinguishers would be useless for extinguishing incendiary bombs and the fires resulting, but this theory has again been entirely disproved by the fact that during the recent air raid in the London area a Police Constable successfully extinguished an incendiary bomb, also a Fire in a roof, by means of **Kyl-Fyre Extinguishers**.

We give an extract from a letter received from an eminent firm of Solicitors:—

"You have no doubt heard that three incendiary bombs fell close to our offices last week and that two of them were practically extinguished by our clerk who resides on the premises. The bombs were blazing when he threw the powder over them, and two tins of powder were sufficient to subdue the flames. The third bomb and a fire caused by it were, we believe, extinguished by a policeman to whom our clerk handed a third extinguisher."

We do not claim that other dry powders are efficient, but anyone desiring a really reliable extinguisher capable of dealing with incendiary bombs, can be thoroughly satisfied that in "Kyl-Fyre" they have an effective appliance which is capable of extinguishing any fire, whether caused by an incendiary bomb or other means.

From experiments recently carried out before an influential body of Experts and Members of the Press it was conclusively proved that small quantities of **Kyl-Fyre Dry Powder** instantly extinguished large fires, whereas many buckets of sand were absolutely useless, and therefore sand could not be relied upon.

The price of this wonderful Extinguisher is only 5s. 6d.

A further demonstration will be held in London next week when the Public will have an opportunity of witnessing similar tests—**Kyl-Fyre versus Sand**. Cards of invitation can be obtained from the Registered Office of the Company, **Kyl-Fyre Limited, Eastbourne, or 7, Mark Lane, London, E.C.**

[Adv't.]

To Mothers of Men!

We were all of us babies once—the soldiers and sailors on whom to-day we stake our Empire were wee and helpless mites not so very long ago; it seems but a jump from the cradle to incredible deeds of courage and unforgettable braveries—to our mothers we never really 'grow up.'

The Proprietors of Nestlé's Milk hold a unique collection of photographs of babies brought up on Nestlé's Milk, thousands of whom are now in all probability fighting for the country.

They would like to know of such—and invite mothers—or the men themselves—to send a few particulars; preferably with a recent photograph taken in uniform, name, age, and details of present regiment or unit.

5,000 2/6 Boxes of Nestlé's Chocolate will be sent FREE

to the senders of the first 5,000 letters with photographs received before 30th November, 1915.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

The Proprietors are constantly receiving the most gratifying testimony to the value of Nestlé's Milk—from the forces at home, from the wounded, from prisoners of War, and from our fighters on land and sea—and they feel that it would be even more interesting still to know in what actual cases our splendid defenders had had Nestlé's Milk to help them to make their first start in their gallant lives.

Address all letters, photos, etc., to:—

NESTLÉ'S, M.C.M., 6, EASTCHEAP, LONDON.

'Nestlé's Baby Book, 1915.' Free on application.

BUY YOUR FURS WHOLESALE—

and secure
BEST POSSIBLE VALUE FOR MONEY.
WHOLESALE CITY PRICES,

but
WEST END STYLE AND QUALITY.
The largest stock in London to select from.
A visit highly esteemed, or a postcard will bring beautifully illustrated new catalogue.

SPECIAL WHOLESALE VALUE.
This charming stole and muff in
Mountain Goat 50/- the set.

Choice selections of Furs willingly sent
into the country on approval.

The WHOLESALE FUR Co.
145, CHEAPSIDE (First Floor), LONDON, CITY.

Also 10, St. Ann's Sq., Manchester; & 2, Land Lane, Leeds.



SEND A DAYFIELD BODY SHIELD AT ONCE TO YOUR FATHER, HUSBAND, BROTHER, SON, or FRIEND and very probably SAVE HIS LIFE.

SIR HIRAM MAXIM writes:

Fully 25 per cent. of the casualties we have met so far would have been prevented by the use of this shield.

Many of the casualties are caused by pent bullets, splinters of shells, or grenades which would have been harmless if the man struck had been wearing a Dayfield Body Shield, which protects the vital organs of the body, such as the heart, lungs, and principal blood vessels. It is also proof against bayonet, sword, and lance, and in no way impedes the movements of the wearer.

The Dayfield Body Shield can be worn under the tunic and fits comfortably. It is made of a specially prepared toughened metal in four plates which are strengthened at the joinings by steel strips, and is covered with khaki drill.
Size 12in. by 11in. Weight 25ozs.



Patent No. 5196.

PRICES CARRIAGE PAID.

Single Double
Shield, Shield
To the Front .. 22/6 55/-
To any part British Isles 21/6 53/6

The Double Shield consists of two single Shields to protect the back and the front, and joined together by straps with curved metal plates to fit the shoulders and to protect same from downward sword cuts. The Dayfield Body Shield has triumphantly withstood the severest tests, and they are much appreciated by the men at the front who have received them.

Obtainable from Military Outfitters or direct from the Makers:—

THE WHITFIELD MFG. CO., LTD.,
Vernon House, Sicilian Avenue, Southampton Row,
LONDON, W.C.



In Enormous Demand!

The demand for "Rameses" Underwear—the British Underwear made to take the place of the German article sold until recently so widely in this country—is already almost overwhelming. And for these reasons:

"Rameses" is *British*—at its very moderate price

"Rameses" is the soundest underwear-value in Britain.

"Rameses" is *Reliable*—in fit, finish, comfort and service; "Rameses" will give you utmost satisfaction.

"Rameses" is the Underwear for the man or woman whose means are moderate but who wants a brand of underwear that can be absolutely relied on.

RAMESSES

BRITISH UNDERWEAR



Ask your Hosiery and Draper to-day to show you this "Rameses" Underwear, which is obtainable for men and women. Never accept a genuine "Rameses" garment any which does not bear the "Rameses" head.

THE RAMESSES UNDERWEAR CO., LEICESTER.

JOHN BULL.

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant :
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.*

Vol. XVIII. No. 491. Week ending Saturday, October 30th, 1915. One Penny.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The King.

The King's Message to the nation comes at a timely moment. The people have not heard as much of his Majesty during these latter days as they would have wished. But the fault is not his. It is another instance of that remarkable policy of official reticence which is characterising the conduct of the war. If it were known how many times his Majesty has been out to the front, the country would be surprised. There may, of course, be good reasons for not chronicling his visits at the time, but there can be no possible objection to their being recorded. God Save the King!

Empire Troops.

We have reason to believe that the Government is about to adopt our suggestion for the employment of a large number of coloured troops from Africa and elsewhere. It is, surely, the most fatuous folly to allow this big fighting asset to be absolutely wasted.

Our Campaign.

What a busy time we are having! Here is our record for the past ten days—down to to-day, Thursday: Nelson, Preston, Newcastle, Birmingham, Bristol, London Pavilion, Clapton, Huddersfield, Bradford, Leeds, Sheffield. And *what* meetings! We wonder what the local M.P.s think of it all. Many thanks to the genial and popular Lord Mayor of Newcastle, and other hospitable hosts, for their entertainment. Sorry we couldn't accept all that was proffered. If we had—well, we shouldn't have got through the programme. You see, *we* are not fasting during the war. So far as the inner man is concerned, "Business as Usual" is our motto.

Prince Louis.

Here is a question for Sir Henry Dalziel to address to the Government. Is it the fact that Prince Louis of Battenberg, notwithstanding his resignation from the post of First Sea Lord, is still in receipt of his pay of £2,000 a year from the Admiralty?

Nelson and Wellington.

Can any student of history tell us whether Nelson and Wellington ever met?

Our Sunday Service.

On Sunday afternoon, November 14th, the Editor will be at the Palladium; whilst on Sunday evening, November 21st, he will be at the Alhambra—in both cases under the auspices of the National Sunday League. Later on, he hopes to be able to accept the invitation of Sir Herbert Tree to deliver a Sunday afternoon address at His Majesty's Theatre.

A Business Bishop.

According to the Bishop of Chelmsford, "the Church must have the first call upon all incomes." Which Church—and why?

At Last.

So, at last, airships are beginning to hover about the skies of an evening. Let every town in the country build a couple of patrols—and keep them patrolling.

The Sportsman's Battalion.

What has become of the *Sportsman's Gazette*? Perhaps Mr. or Mrs. Cunliffe-Owen would enlighten us.

Snowden Must Go.

We are not referring to the next General Election—the electors of Blackburn will see to that. We mean that he must be removed from the Liquor Control Board. What right has such a man to a place on any body having to do with the war?

Those Daily Citizen Levies.

So we *were* right when, some months ago, we expressed the view that Trade Unions had no legal right to use their funds to support the *Daily Citizen*. At least, Mr. Justice Younger has so decided—and we now await, with confidence, the confirmation of his view by the Court of Appeal.

Punch Must Look Out.

What a splendid penn'orth is the *Passing Show*, and how it is catching on! It is a real antidote to war depression. *Punch* must look to its laurels.

Bravo!

Nearly two thousand members of the Manchester Wesleyan Mission have joined the colours. *That's* the sort of mission we like.

Turkeys as Usual.

In connection with our popular "Bullets" Competition, we are now about to offer no less than 1,500 specially selected turkeys for Christmas week. They will all be despatched to the respective winners in ample time, as in past years.

G. W. Foote.

By the death of Mr. Foote, the militant "Free-Thought" movement loses its leader. Just as Bradlaugh took up the reins when George Jacob Holyoake, in his maturer years, abandoned atheism for "secularism," so Foote stepped into the leadership—which was his by right—when Bradlaugh, in *his* later life, became less "iconoclastic." Foote was a man of brilliant parts, and, in his way, did good work. It was rough and ready—and unfashionable—work. But it has borne its fruit—and to-day there is no need for any further Free-Thought propaganda. All of us think freely now; and let us honour the names of those who won us the right to do so.

Our Free Insurance offers the biggest cash benefits. See page ii of cover.

All Among the Barley.

After cotton and oil—barley. Its present price is from 49s. to 55s. per quarter. We are told that the reason is because there are thousands of quarters shipped every week from this country to Holland, the dear old Dutch being ready, for some inscrutable reason, to pay any price asked—which is not the usual habit of the Dutchman. We would not for a moment hazard the suggestion that this malt finds its way to Germany, to be turned into spirit, the said spirit being subsequently employed in the manufacture of explosives. That would be an incredible thought. All the same, it is said that the Government is taking all the spirit that can be turned out by the distilleries in Scotland, while the said distilleries cannot turn it out fast enough to keep the shell factories going—because they cannot get the barley!

Munition Workers.

A munition worker criticises Mr. Lloyd George's promise that there shall be no sweated labour in his Department, and suggests that, while the promise was good, the performance is not satisfactory. He instances the case of educated men, employed in a Government-controlled shell shop, who work fifty-three hours in a seven-day week, and are paid only 30s. weekly. A request for an increase is met by the statement that the wages are at a "sufficiently high rate" for the particular class of work. But on these figures a married man, with a family, declares he is unable to provide what is necessary. And he makes a point for quick consideration by saying there are a goodly number of single men in the same "shop" who readily accept the small salary because it relieves them of military service.

War Profits.

Everybody admits the justice and the righteousness of taxing profits earned by manufacturers engaged on munition work. Outside that field, however, there are complaints and grumbles. A merchant supplies an instance to show how his business is crippled. Since the war, his firm has furnished French buyers with an article which they formerly manufactured themselves, and this export business could be extended if it were worth while. But all new business must pay a tax of half the profit. This would necessitate doubling the profit, which at present stands at only 10 per cent. The French buyers would not pay a price that would include 20 per cent. profit, so the business is lost to British firms and must go elsewhere.

Hohenlohe Still Hohenlohing.

Lest it should be counted to us for forgetfulness that we said nothing at the time, we hereby draw the attention of the military and diplomatic authorities of the country to the fact that Prince Hohenlohe is still hohenlohing at Bucharest. He was being entertained in the Palace last week; as we write he is still a guest at the Court of Roumania, working for a German alliance. The British Minister is not a guest at the Court, by the way, and if he is working for anything the Press Bureau hasn't mentioned it.

An "Unworthy Citizen."

As in inflicting a fine of £5 on Mr. Thomas Maling Hall, of Shrewsbury, for publicly making insulting comparisons between the King and the Kaiser, the Germhuns and the British, the Chairman of Magistrates described Mr. Hall as "unworthy of British citizenship," we are interested to know whether this pro-Germhun gentleman is still being retained in the Army Records Office as an official, or whether he has been cleared out neck and crop. An early answer will oblige.

The Internment Farce.

The weakness and toadyism—not to call it by any stronger term—of those responsible for the internment of German civilians in this country is absolutely nauseating, and should at once be stifled. The illuminating spectacle of a Hun professor released from Alexandra Palace for six or seven hours daily to attend to his business arrangements is far from stimulating patriotism. This is, however, permitted—because, forsooth, he is engaged upon producing something which may prove of benefit to humanity! Ye gods, German ones especially! He has thus every opportunity of viewing the havoc the Zeppelin fiends have created, and openly rejoices and chuckles at the sight. Although originally accompanied by a guard in khaki, this arrangement was altered by the authorities to avoid wounding the German's tender susceptibilities, and he is now therefore only shadowed by a detective in plain clothes—at the expense of the taxpayers! How long will the people of this country stand such jugglery and foolery when we are fighting for our national existence?

A Question of Hours.

On the ground that "lawyers, literary men and others did not begin work till 10 a.m.," Mr. T. Greenall submitted to the recent Miners' Conference that for miners to begin work at 6 a.m. "was detrimental to the interests of the mining community, economically, mentally and physically, and a remnant of barbarism." A similar line was taken by the seconder of the resolution, which was opposed, however, by a Welsh delegate, who seemed to think that an early start might be defended on the ground that it left a nice lot of time for prayer meetings in the evening. Some of the miners would doubtless have been willing, like Charles Lamb, to make up for starting late by leaving off early, but ultimately the resolution was defeated by a substantial majority. It was generally felt that the moment was inopportune for the introduction of a change which would tend to a curtailment of working hours, a view which is likely to command general assent.

Provisions and Paupers.

If, to parody an Americanism, the hindsight of the Bermondsey Guardians has been equal to their foresight, the ratepayers must be worse off by a dummed sight. Looking forward at the beginning of the war, they began to fear lest the paupers should starve; they therefore ordered in 25,800 tins of condensed milk, enough for four years; "while the stocks of tinned meat they have piled up are so great that it has been decided to feed the patients in the infirmary with it twice a week." It is not revealed how the Guardians are off for prime Yarmouth bloater and pickled pork, but rumour has it that they have also laid in such a quantity of shop eggs that they will be able to supply all the wants of political agents for the next six General Elections, and that certain of the eggs are already quite strong enough for effective service.

The "Star and Garter."

With a flourish of trumpets it was announced that the "Star and Garter" Hotel, Richmond, had been acquired as a permanent home for disabled sailors and soldiers. Then an appeal was made for £20,000 to buy the place—which, it was said, could easily be adapted for its splendid purpose, and the price was stated to be remarkably cheap. Now it is announced that it would cost more to alter the building than to pull it down and build another one. If this means that the whole of the money paid for the purchase represents the land alone, the bargain can scarcely be called a good one, for the land is on a steep slope and with very little frontage.

Hesperian Rewards.

Recently, Mr. Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, visited Liverpool for the purpose of making presentations in the Town Hall to the Captain and certain members of the crew of the torpedoed *Hesperian*, in the name of the Allan Line Co. and the War Risks Association. Quite right; but why alone were these singled out for recompense, and the majority ignored? So far as we can gather, the men who responded to the Captain's horn and got the passengers away in the darkness with so few mishaps have not been rewarded at all. It may be that the saving of property is of more consequence to the Allan Line and the War Risks Corporation than the saving of human lives; indeed this is almost what one would suspect from the remark of Sir Norman Hill before Mr. Runciman made the presentations, that those who "stuck to the ship" acted in accord with the best precedents of the British Marine. But if all the crew had "stuck to the ship" what would the passengers have done? Nobody could tell how long the ship would float, and, more than the ship, were the lives to be saved; yet, according to our informant on the *Hesperian*, the services of the men who saved them have been neither acknowledged nor rewarded. And if that is true it is disgraceful.

A Crying Shame.

A cynical reader suggests that when our victorious troops get back from the front "history will repeat itself," as when "the Crimean heroes were left to live and die in the workhouses." It will be to the eternal shame of the British people if anything of the kind is allowed to occur, but our correspondent is a South African, and there is some excuse for his pessimism. Reporting a weekly meeting of the Governor-General's Distress Fund, the *Rand Daily Mail* states: "A significant feature of the weekly statement was that, of 163 new applications, 161 were from men who had been discharged from active service, and who had not previously been on the books." One hundred and sixty-one citizen-soldiers, fresh from their victories in German South-West Africa, compelled, with the return of peace, to go cap in hand for bread! The South African Government should at once take steps to end this odious scandal.

The Sportsman's Opportunity.

If there are any good "sports" still out of khaki, they will find themselves very much at home by joining the 1st Surrey Rifles. Dick Burge is a sergeant, and he is but one of many boxers known to fame who have sought the ranks of the First Surrey. Another sergeant is Ernest Barry, the world's champion sculler, and among the other celebrated riflemen are Fred Evans—whom everybody knows as "Pimple" of the cinemas—and Frank Harvey, one of the "Harvey Boys," who have delighted music-hall goers for years. Any young patriot with sporting tastes who seeks to mix with the best should take note hereof and "act according."

Gradgrind, Landlord.

The advice given by Mr. Hedderwick, the North London Magistrate, to a tenant whose rent had been raised cannot be regarded as very luminous or helpful. "Don't pay it," he said. "Find another place and go." But the trouble is that while it may be easy for tenants to go, it is often very difficult for them to find another house. If tenants stood out against paying the rent, and the magistrates to whom these unholy Gradgrinds of landlords applied for evicting orders refused to grant them unless compelled to do so by superior judicial authority, the game would not be worth the candle.

The Artillery Wagon.

Somebody ought to tell the heads of the Farnham police that we are at war, for they are apparently unaware of the fact. The Magistrates have been worried with a quantity of summonses against officers and men for driving artillery wagons without having lamps attached. The wagons were part of a battery, but they are occasionally out on military duties which must be performed. The police persisted in trying to get somebody fined, and over and over again officers have been called to Court, sadly to waste time which was urgently required for the training of the batteries. So said their Colonel in protest, and after many sittings the Magistrates were moved to agree with him and to dismiss all the cases. The Colonel suggested sarcastically that, if anybody were to be proceeded against, it should be the Commander-in-Chief, whose orders they obeyed. The Clerk of the Court is going to consider what can be done regarding those artillery carts. Why not tie a tin-can to the tail of each?

Snubbing a "Special."

A Special Constable had worked with a German and knew the man to be in possession of a camera. He examined his registration paper and, finding the camera had not been declared, told the Hun to declare it at once, or he would have to do his duty and lodge information. But the German disappeared from his employment, thus escaping the eager eye of our diligent constable. Out of sight, however, was not in this case out of mind, for the Special got on to the telephone and laid the facts before the Police. His immediate reward, when he met the Inspector and asked if his message had been received, was the sneering retort, "Oh, it was you, was it? Some of you — Specials are more trouble than you are worth!" Nine months after the incident, that young German gentleman was awarded six months' imprisonment—for being in possession of a camera! What dirty work had been done by that camera in the meantime? But we do hope that Inspector is singing very small!

Stories of the Sea.

A skipper of a trawler, one of a class of men who, as a body, have done their duty wonderfully well, tells us that there are exceptions. He complains that men "wilfully commit themselves," so that their services are dispensed with, and then go back to their fishing and make "small fortunes." The skippers who stick to their duty and do it nobly are laughed at, and our correspondent finds it "very hard to bear." We can quite believe this, and the shameful conduct of which he complains should be rendered impossible. The remedy, he suggests—and with which we agree—is that skippers dismissed for misconduct from the R.N.R. should be forbidden to act as such during the war. They could earn "ample" for maintenance as deck hands, and that is as much—and more—than such men deserve.

Costly Rubbish.

It is rather curious to find in a Bristol newspaper an advertisement of an auction sale at Woolwich; it seems a wasteful way of announcing it. But closer examination of the advertisement occasions even more curiosity. The sale is at the Royal Arsenal, by order of the Secretary of State for War, and is a sale of "Unserviceable and Obsolete Stores." The lots include 200 tons of iron and steel scrap, tons of lead and nickel, 21 motorcycles, 2,400 outer covers, 50,000 bags, 21 tons of old paper, and, not to mention many other amazing things, no less than 2,200 solid motor tyres (rubber and iron). If all these stores are actually "unserviceable and obsolete," who is responsible for such shameful, wasteful overstocking?

The "John Bull" Pen is the best pen, regardless of cost.

Germhuns Bradford.

About five hundred citizens of Bradford, more or less, have sent us a touching poem alleged to have been written by one Adolph Schtinkenstein of that Germhunic city, the same being entitled "Deutcheshafen." This is how the glorious music flows: "Come to Bradford, come to Bradford, vere ze gentle Hun abound, vere yo1 can be made drue Briton; it vill only cost six pound. Come to Bradford, come to Bradford; schtart der Schtinkenstein und Co.; haff dree vailures und von vire; dot's der vay der business grow. Come to Bradford, come to Bradford, vere you lot of money earn; vere you never, never, never, like von Bissing be indern. Come to Bradford, come to Bradford, ven der Zepps are vloatin' high; open vide der attic vindow, vave your zearchlight in der sky." Bradford is a place where you cannot see the houses for Germhuns—so many of them are afoot. What an ovation the Kaiser will get, if and when he appears there. But Heaven help the real Bradfordians!

Agents Provocateur.

In the administration of the new liquor regulations, licensed victuallers and the public in general have a clear right to demand that the police shall "play the game." Unhappily, in some localities the game played seems to be as dirty a one as can well be conceived. A common plan is for a plain-clothes police officer to enter a bar during the hours when only non-intoxicants may legally be sold, and, having ordered a glass of ginger beer, to persuade the landlord to put a drop of gin or a dash of "bitter" into his drink. At the Spalding Petty Sessions, a licence-holder, trapped in this mean fashion, was fined no less than £25. In some cases it has been proved that policemen have made quite strenuous efforts to overcome a publican's normal reluctance to infringe the law. It is the duty of Magistrates severely to discourage a procedure so entirely alien to the spirit of our laws.

Wimbledon Tenants' Protest.

We have had addressed to us a remarkable protest. It is signed by sixty tenants of a block of houses in Haydon's Road and Hotham's Road, and proclaims that on two occasions within the last twelve months—the last occasion as from November 1st—their landlords, Messrs. Allen & Hoar, Grimwood House, West End Lane, Hampstead, have raised their rents. The signatories add that "Nearly every tenant of above, who are of the working class, have some one serving in H.M. Forces." Our advice to the tenants is to combine and refuse to pay. Messrs. Allen and Hoar dare not take illegal action; and they may find to their surprise that legal action is slow and disappointing—so slow that before they can do anything an Act of Parliament may have been passed restraining landlords from raising rents in such cases at their own sweet wills.

Too Much.

The Ipswich Bench should think twice before inflicting a heavy fine, for a trivial offence, upon a soldier who has to maintain himself and his family on a soldier's pay. A sapper was found riding a bicycle without a light, but there was no suggestion that he was riding to the danger of the public. He admitted his offence like a man, and the usual half-a-crown penalty would have been quite sufficient in the circumstances. But the "beaks" fined him ten shillings each on two summonses, one for having no light in front, and one for having none at the rear. It was a scandalous multiplication of one single "crime," and our full sympathies are with the sapper who has to give a pound out of his army pay to the Justices who expect him to fight for them.

Gloucester's Disgrace.

Gloucester is earning an unenviable reputation. The Guardians were approached by the Red Cross Society for additional accommodation, and they refused it. It seems that one wing of the new infirmary is occupied by wounded soldiers, and Captain Wemyss, representing the Red Cross Society, asked for the other wing. He stated that the matter was one of absolute necessity. His organisation is practically voluntary, and the two wings could be worked, side by side, by the present staff. He also offered to provide the present inmates with a suitable building, to remove them all in ambulances, to remove all equipment, etc., bag and baggage, without a farthing of expense to the Guardians. The country will learn with indignation that Gloucester's Guardians refused this grace to our wounded sons. The motion to refuse was carried by the casting vote of the Chairman, and the result was "greeted with applause." One Guardian remarked: "It is nothing to rejoice about." We agree.

The Black Collier.

What a pity it is that coal is not clean and white and pure—like, say, snow or marble. For then Salford's tramcars would not be desecrated by the presence of men with soiled skins who are, it appears, an "intolerable nuisance" to "well-dressed ladies and children who have to sit next to them." Alderman Phillips it was who said these things—or some of them. And he remarked that "no one wanted to interfere with these men," and then went on, directly contradicting his own asseveration, to inquire, "Had they not the right to prevent people who were a nuisance to others from using the cars?" Now, we refuse to believe that the colliers wilfully annoy other passengers by riding in a state of unnecessary dirtiness, but we are afraid some coal-dust will continue to cling to them. One of Salford's councillors suggested the provision of first-class cars for people who dislike to come into contact with colliers. We are sure the colliers would gladly be free of such company.

A Dear Catalogue.

Mr. H. S. Chapman, Cycle and General Engineer, 62, London Road, Dover, should be making heaps of money—by selling his catalogues. He advertises all sorts of articles in a trade journal, calls them a "Novel Clearance Sale," mentions no prices, but offers to send a catalogue for 6d. We have seen one of those precious catalogues; it is a mere leaflet, of six pages only. It appears to us to be totally useless for any practical purpose; it may be a catalogue, but it is certainly not a price list, for there is no price mentioned in any instance. But perhaps Mr. Chapman is not desirous of selling the goods, nor need he be while he can induce people to pay sixpence for a folded sheet of paper. It is a money-making game from his point of view. From the point of view of persons led into paying the price, it is a piece of rank impertinence.

"By Any Other Name."

All good Britons should be interested in the newest piece of fashionable intelligence from Sloane Street, London, S.W. It is announced in a neat circular, but deserves more publicity than that medium secures. For the circular is a notice that Miss Kappahahn, of Sloane Street aforesaid, has "entirely disconnected herself from the firm of Carl Muller, and has established an Optical business on her own account." She attends patients who adopt "Doctor Count Wiser's treatment," and—most precious news of all—"to simplify matters Miss Kappahahn intends to trade under the name of V. Miller."

Be sure to read Mr. Bottomley's articles in "Everywoman's Weekly."

Beaten Till Death.

When a company of soldiers were passing the farm of Frederick Knell, at Birchington, the farmer appeared on the scene in a cart. He was driving a horse, and the animal, on seeing the soldiers, became restless, and jibbed. Knell thereupon struck it several blows with a walking-stick, and, not being satisfied with the effect, got down from the cart and with the stick beat the horse about the legs and on the head until it fell on the road. The farmer then dashed water over the animal and rubbed it, but his attentions were useless, for the poor thing died then and there. According to a sergeant, the man was quite sober, but was in such an ungovernable temper that he was not in a fit condition to be talked to. The defendant argued that his punishment of the animal was not severe, and he had the presumption to state in Court his belief that the horse "died of a broken heart." The Magistrates fined him the sum of £20, with £1 3s. 6d. costs, or 41 days' in default. The amount is not inconsiderable, but is by no means too heavy.

An Upright Judge.

We have previously complimented his Honour Judge Mulligan, K.C., upon his admirable decisions in Workmen's Compensation cases, and we now find ourselves in complete agreement with him upon another matter of equal importance to the poorer section of the community. At a recent session of the Holbeach (Lincolnshire) County Court, there were down for hearing a number of judgment summonses against persons earning £1 a week or less. In one case the debtor was in the Army, the separation allowance for the support of his wife and three children amounting to 19s. a week. In these circumstances, and in several similar cases, Judge Mulligan flatly refused to make an order. "Orders of imprisonment for non-payment of debt," observed his Honour, "are far too frequent, and ought not to be granted unless the Judge is satisfied that the defendant can pay and will not; and in war-time ought not to be granted at all." We warmly agree.

A Dangerous Trap.

The Quay at Houghton-le-Spring is a danger trap that is ever open. There is a nice, clean drop of five or six feet, and no protecting rail, but the local Council view the matter with equanimity. Placidly says the Clerk, "There is no liability on the Council if anyone falls over." So the responsibility, apparently, will be on the head of the person falling over, especially if he breaks his head, as did the latest victim of Accident Quay. There have been a number of mishaps previously, but nobody cares. The sage Clerk advises that the erection of a railing would be an admission of the Council's responsibility. To our way of thinking, the Council is responsible all along for the safety of the citizens; and if a handrail will prevent accidents and perhaps save lives, that handrail should be immediately provided. Perhaps when the Chairman—or the Clerk—has tumbled over the Quay, one of these dark nights, something may be done.

The Sandbag Mystery.

A few weeks ago the War Office issued a notice informing us that they had sufficient sandbags and did not wish the civilian public to send any more. On this pronouncement we had something to say concerning appeals by private citizens for sandbags for the troops. We now find that the War Department notice was misleading. The sooner the authorities candidly explain the position the better. Sandbags are to the men in the trenches what life-belts are to sailors on a sinking ship.

The Preference.

The Wrexham Board of Guardians passed a resolution to this effect: "That this Board, in filling up all positions during and after the present war, will give preference to all those who have responded to their country's call. That due regard will be given to those of military age, who have been rejected on account of physical unfitness, or who have otherwise satisfied the Recruiting authorities for not joining his Majesty's Forces." Now that strikes us as a timely, telling step—for, if it does not move the slackers, it will put heart and confidence into the ready and willing ones. And yet that resolution raised the bile of a growling Wrexham Editor, who in his mis-leading article, writes: "This is the introduction of Prussianism of the deepest dye, and Prussianism can no more cast out Prussianism than Satan can cast out Satan. Even coating the pill with so-called patriotism, does not make it any the more palatable." That Editor should know it is not "Prussianism" to promise "first consideration" to the men who "do"; also, that his anxiety on behalf of those who "don't" is sadly out of place. While, as regards coating the pill, patriotism is not the worst of coats to wear.

The Case of Ffynnongroew.

A little while ago we had a word or two to say about the unenviable reputation of Ffynnongroew, in North Wales, as a recruiting ground. The Rev. W. A. Ellis, the Vicar, admits that our strictures were "not altogether undeserved," but challenges the accuracy of some of our details. According to him, "the room in which the recruiting meeting was held and at which Lord Mostyn presided was 'well filled'—an elastic phrase—and 'a few names were secured.' Also, a small platoon 'has been' formed already, including two local schoolmasters and two ministers, one of them his 'humble self.' Likewise 'about thirty young men have enlisted in the Army from this village and district in the last twelve months.' Having reached this point, we are trying to understand how the Vicar came to think it worth his while to defend Ffynnongroew with such elaborate ineffectiveness.

Our Insurance Scheme.

An East Coast reader—a victim, with his wife and children, of the recent air-raid—tells us of the compensation he has received from Government. A daughter, who used to earn 15s. a week, was removed to hospital after the fatal night; she has undergone two operations, and it will be twelve months before she is strong again—if she ever is. She has been paid £4. The wife and boy, slightly injured, and suffering from shock, have nothing. The man himself, who lost four weeks' work through injuries, received £2. For the loss of his home, practically ruined, valued at £50, he was paid £21 5s. 6d. These facts and figures are evidence how important it is that everybody should take advantage of our Insurance scheme—which our poor friend has now done!

"Shuffling off this Mortal Coil."

It is wonderful what a large number of people ask us to send a Special Commissioner to take their life stories prior to committing suicide—but who, upon being visited, evince a disposition to reconsider their decision, subject to a little immediate financial solace. One of the most instructive cases we have come across was that of a woman, "somewhere in the Eastern Counties," who warned us that the following night would be the last of her life. When our Commissioner arrived, he found that, owing to the report of a Zeppelin visit, she had taken refuge in the coal cellar!

Zeppelins will come again. Be wise and sign our Insurance Coupon.

SIX WEEKS FOR THE CABINET, TOO!

THE ALLEGED CONSPIRACY—THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE.

BY THE EDITOR.

According to some of the papers, there is a conspiracy afoot to break up the Government. For aught I know, there may be; but I am certainly no party to it—notwithstanding the fact that my name has sometimes been associated with that of my noble friend, Lord Northcliffe, in connection with the "plot." As a matter of fact, if I really desired to see the Coalition come to the ground, I should not join in any conspiracy; I should just leave it to go on as it is doing—slowly but surely committing suicide. But I *don't* want to see it collapse. I want it to last out till the war is over—and then I will gladly co-operate in giving it the *coup de dis-grace*. To-day it would, to my mind, be a calamity if Mr. Asquith were to carry out his present intention of resigning, with all the consequential changes in the ministry which would follow. After all, it really doesn't matter who the Government are, till the fighting is finished. As Lord Rosebery observed the other day, Lord Kitchener is the Government. Still, we don't want political squabbles and open exhibitions of discord in the face of the enemy. In the most literal sense, we must present a united front to the foe. Therefore, let us do our utmost to sustain the present compromise—till the war is over. So much by way of preface.

GREAT PROVOCATION.

I do not deny that Lord Northcliffe and those working with him have great provocation for the course they are adopting. Where I part company with them is here: I regard the Coalition ministry as the last, expiring effort of the old Party system of government, and I want the thing, *if possible*, to hang out till times are more propitious than at present for reorganising the whole political machinery of the nation. But there is much wisdom in the proverb that you must not swap horses when crossing the stream—especially if the other horse is really no better than your own! I know I shall be told to look at the ghastly muddle which both the old and the new Governments have made of things. Of course they have. So long as you have lawyers, philosophers, lay preachers and other amateurs playing at carrying on the business of the nation, it will ever be so; and you will not improve matters by substituting one set of them for another. The only thing you *can* do I will indicate in a moment—provided it be found impossible to keep the present show running till the Kaiser is under lock and key—in either a military prison or a criminal lunatic asylum. In the meantime it is hard, I admit, to suffer the fooling which is going on. The bungling of the Balkans, the disaster of the Dardanelles, the muddling of

Munitions, the coquetting with Contraband, the silliness of the Censorship, the toleration of Traitors, the paralysis of Parliament, and all the rest of it, constitute a grim indictment. But 'twas ever thus, and ever will be—unless we put an end to the effete old system, and scrap the Party machinery. That, however, will be a big job—and this is not the time to take it on. The provocation is great—but we must endure it—*always provided the Government take warning and do no further mischief.*

A TIME LIMIT FOR US.

But we must have some sort of understanding. Things really cannot go on indefinitely as at present. There, undoubtedly, my Lord Northcliffe is right. And this is my suggestion. The people have been given a Time Limit within which to make up their minds about the fighting part of the business. The manhood of the nation is to have six weeks to decide how the necessary new armies shall be raised—whether by compulsion or free enlistment; and in view of the enemy's effort to break through the Devil's back door—left unguarded by our "diplomats"—the Time Limit is justified. We ought, indeed, to have had it long ago. I believe the men will answer—and I am fortified in that belief after a recent conference with the Director of Recruiting. So much for the men. But what then?

MORE LIGHT WANTED.

When we *have* the men, what are they to do? *What is it, exactly*, that they are to be asked to fight for? How, when and where are they to fight? They will, of course, be splendid, but they will be doubly splendid if they are satisfied that they will not fight in vain. There must be more light. Good or bad news, the men, properly approached, will flock to the colours. As I before said, if the voluntary system fails, it will be the fault of the Recruiting Department, and not of the men. But the Recruiting Department must have a fair chance. At present it is being sadly handicapped by the muddle and the mystery of the Government Departments. Whitehall is the new Home of Mystery. No news worth having—good or bad—ever leaks out. We are told to shut our eyes and *shut our mouths*—and see what the Censor will send us. We must not even be told how many submarines have been sunk by our Navy. That would be giving information to the enemy! The dear old Censor (I assume he is old, but I have forgotten his latest name) really thinks that Germany hasn't the remotest suspicion that anything has gone wrong with those submarines which went out to sea months ago, with a limited radius, a